

A most notable Example of an vngracious Son, who in the pride of his heart denyed his owne Father
and how God for his offence, turned his meat into loathsome Toades. *To the tune of Lord Darley.*

In searching famous Chronicles,
it was my chance to reade
A woorthy story strange and true,
whereof I took good heed,
Betwixt a Farmer and his Sonne,
this rare example stands;
Which well may moue the hardest hearts
to weepe and loosing their hands.

The Farmer in the Country dwelt,
whose substance had none end;
He sent therefore his eldest Sonne,
in Paris to dwell,
Where he became a Merchant man,
and trafficked great he bred,
So that he was exceeding rich,
till he himselfe abused.

For having now the world at will,
his mind was wholly bent:
To gaming, wine, and wantonnesse,
till all his goods were spent.
Pea such excessive riotousnesse
by him was theued forth,
That he was three times more in debt,
then all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit cleane was crackt,
and he in Prison cast:
And every man against him then
did set his action fast.
There lay he lockt in yrons strong,
for euer and for aye,
Unable while his life did last,
his grievous debt to pay.

And living in this carefull case,
his eyes with teares bespent:
The lewdnesse of his former life,
too late he did repent.
And being void of all reliefe,
of helpe and comfort quite;
Unto his Father at the last,
he thus began to write.

Now bestow a while your heedfull eares,
my loving Father deare;
And grant I pray in gracions sort,
my piteous plaint to heare.
Forgiue the foule offences all
of thy vnblessed Sonne:
Which through the lewdnesse of his life,
hath now himselfe vndone.

O my good Father, take remembrance
on this my extreme need,
And succour his distressed state,
whose heart for wee doth bleed.
In this full dungeon here I lye,
my feet in fetters fast:
Whom my most cruell Creditors
in Prison so haue cast.

Let pity therefore pierce your brest,
and mercy moue your minde:
And to release my misery,
some shift, sweet Father, find.
My chiefeest chere is bread full of stone,
the boords my softest bed:
And stony stones my pillowes serue
to rest my troubled head.

My garments all are woone to rags,
my body starues with cold:
And crawling vermine eates my flesh,
most grieuous to behold.
Deare Father, come therefore with speed
and rid me out of thall:
And let me not in Prison dye,
till for your helpe I call.

The good old man no sooner had
perused this written scrowle:
But trickling teares along his cheekes,
from watry eyes did roule.
Alas my sonne, my sonne, quoth he,
in whom I loved most,
Thou shalt not long in Prison be,
what euer it me cost.

Two hundred heads of well fed beasts,
he changed them for gold:
Foure hundred quarters of good Coyne,
for silver eke he sold.
But all the same could not suffice,
this haynous debt to pay,
Till at the length constrain'd he was
to sell his Land away.

When was his sonne released quite,
his debt discharged cleane:
And he likewise as well to line,
as he before had bene.
Then went his loving Father home,
who for to helpe his sonne,
Had sold his living quite away,
and eke himselfe vndone.

So that he lived poore and bare,
and in such extreme need,
That many times he wanted food,
his hungry coops to feed.
His sonne meane time in wealth did swim,
whose substance now was such,
That sure within the City then,
few men were found so rich.

But as his goods did still encrease,
and riches in did slide:
So more and more his hardened heart
did swell in hateful pride:
But it fell out vpon a time,
when ten yeres twoe was past,
Unto his sonne he did repaire,
for some reliefe at last.

And being come vnto his house,
in bery poore array:
It chanced so, that with his sonne
great States should dine that day.
The poore old man with hat in hand,
did then the Porter pray,
To shew his sonne that at the gate
his father there did stay.

Whereat this proud disdainfull wretch
with taunting speeches said:
That long agoe his fathers bones
within his grane were laid:
What Rascall then is that (quoth he)
that staineth so my state:
I charge the Porter presently,
to dyne him from my gate.

Which answer when the old man hea
he was in mind dismayd:
He wept, he wailed, he wrung his hand
and thus at length he said,
O cursed wretch and most vnkind,
the worker of my woe,
Thou monster of humanity,
and eke thy fathers foe:

Hane I bene carefull of thy case,
maintaining still thy state:
And dost thou now so doggedly
inforce me from thy gate:
And hane I wrong'd thy brethren all
from thall to set thee free:
And brought my selfe to beggers state
and all to succour thee?

Woe worth the time when first of all
thy body I espide,
Which hath in hardnesse of thy heart,
thy Fathers face denied.
But now behold how God that time
did shew a wonder great:
Euen where his son with all his friends
were settled downe to meat.

For when the fairest pye was cut,
a strange and dreadfull case,
Poore begly Toades came crawling
and leaped at his face.
Then did this wretch his fault confesse
and for his Father sent,
And for his great ingratitude,
full soze he did repent.

All vertuous Children learne by this
obedient hearts to shew:
And honour still your Parents deare
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And thinke how he did turne his w
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Which did his Fathers face deny,
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A most excellent Ballad, of an old man and his wife, who in their great want and misery sought to Children for succour, by whom they were disdained, and scornfully sent away succourlesse, and Gods vengeance shewed vpon them for the same. To the tune of Puffe's.



I Was an old man which with his pore And humbly now we the intreat,
in great distresse did fall : (wife my deare and loring Sonne:
They were so feeble with age God wot, That thou wilt doe for vs in our age,
they' could not worke at all. as we for the haue done.
A gallant Sonne they had, Pay nay, not so, he said,
which lined wealthily: your sute is all in vaine:
To him they went with full intent, His best for you, I tell you true,
to ease their misery. to get you home againe. Alack, &c.

A hundred miles when they had gone,
with many a weary step :
At length they saw their Sons faire house,
which made their hearts to leape.
They sate them on the greene,
their shoes and hose to trim:
To put cleane hands about their neckes,
against they should enter in. Alack, &c.

Unto the doze with trembling foynts,
when those old couple came:
The woman with a shaking head,
the old man blind and lame :
Full mannerly they knockt,
fearing for to offend:
At last their Son doth frowningly come
vnto them in the end. Alack, &c.

God folks, quoth he, what would you haue
me thinke you are too bold: (here, Quoth he, You know the perill of Late,
Why get you not home to your Country if long time here you stay:
now you are lame and old: The strokes and the whipping poast
will fall vnto your share:
With that they both replied, Then take you heed, and with all speed,
with sorrow, care, and grieve: to your Country doe repaire. Alack, &c.

This is thy Father (gentle Sonne)
and I thy loring Mother:
That brought thee vp so tenderly,
and lov'd thee aboue all other:
I bare thee in this wombe,
these breasts did nourish thee:
And as it chaunc, I often bang
thee on my tender knee.

The world is not now as when I was
all things are growne, moze deare: (boyn
By charge of Children likewise is great,
as plainly doth appeare.
The best that I can doe,
will hardly them maintaine:
Therefore I say, be packing away,
and get you home againe. Alack, &c.

The old man with his hat in his hand,
full many a legge did make:
The woman wept and wrung her hands,
and prayed him for Christ his sake
Not so to send them backe,
distressed and vndone:
But let vs lie in some Barne hereby,
quoth she, my loring Sonne. Alack, &c.

By no meanes would he thereto consent,
but sent them some away:
Quoth he, You know the perill of Late,
if long time here you stay:
The strokes and the whipping poast
will fall vnto your share:
Then take you heed, and with all speed,
to your Country doe repaire. Alack, &c.

Away then went this wofull old man,
full sad in heart and minde:
With weeping teares his wife did lament
their Sonne was so vnkinde.
Thou wicked Child, quoth they,
for this thy cruell deed,
The Lord send thee as little pittie
when thou dost stand in need.
Alack and alas for woe, &c.

His children hearing their father set
his Parents thus at nought:
In short time after to haue his Land,
his death by subtilty wronght:
What cause haue we, quoth they,
moze kindnesse to expresse,
When he vnto his Parents did
in their great wretchednesse
Alacke and alas for woe, &c.

They murdered him in pittifull sort,
they wold not his intreats,
The moze he pray'd compassionally,
the greater were their threats,
Speake not to vs, quoth they,
for thou the death shalt die:
And with that word, with dagger & swi
they mangled him monstrously.
Alack and alas for woe, &c.

When they had got his steele and gold,
according to their mind:
They buried him in a stinking ditch,
where no man should him find.
But now behold and see,
Gods vengeance on them all:
To gaine their gold, their Cousin came,
and slew them great and small.
Alacke and alas for woe.

He came among them with a great clai
in dead time of the night,
Saw two of the Sons he byrind theretw
and taking of his sight,
The murderer taken was,
and suffered for the same:
Deserued for their cruelty,
this vengeance vpon them came.
Alack and alas therefore,
Alack and alas therefore.

FINIS.

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